Queene Elizabeths Teares:

OR,

Her resolute bearing the Christian *Crosse, inflicted on her by the persecuting* hands of Steuen Gardner Bishop of Winchester, in the bloodie time of Queene *Marie.*

Written
By Christopher Leuer.

George Steevens

Nocet indulgentia nobis.

Printed at London by V. S. for *Mathew Lownes* dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the signe of

To the right honorable Lord, *Robert Erle of* Salisburie, *Vicount Cranborne*, Baron of Elsingdon, principall Secretarie to the Kings most excellent Maiestie, Maister of the Courtes *of Wardes and Liueries, Chancellor of the most famous Vniuersitie of* Cambridge, Knight of the most noble Order *of the Garter, and one of his Maiesties* most honourable priuie Counsell.



Right Honourable Lorde; Gracious and well deseruing, when they die, leaue behind them a reputation that can neuer die. I instance this in Queene Elizabeth *of blessed memory: A Lady beyond example, beautifyed with the ornaments of* Grace *and* Nature *(the twoo handes of God) whose name (like the aire) is spread ouer*

all the earth, whereby this our little world (the Engliſh nation) is made famous to all poſteritie. And becauſe I my ſelfe haue ſeene many the admirations of her time, & haue with many others ſhared in participation of thoſe bleſsings which God did giue her moſt gratious and fortunate gouernement; I haue therefore (willingly) forced my endeuours to this demonſtration of thankes, hauing euer vowed my ſelfe a ſeruant to her Honourable remembrance. The reaſons (my good L.) of dedication are theſe: Firſt, your Lordſhips honorable deſeruing, in being a principall Supporter of the leaning State of learning, the Mœcenas *and Patron of the learned (in what deſeruing qualitie ſoeuer:) wherein, (though I be but meanely profeſt) yet, your Lordeſhips zealous regard to the profeſsion I beare, ſhal euer binde me in the moſt aſsured bonds of du-*

tie

tie and thankefull seruice. Againe, that honorable testimony of your Lordships regarde, euen to the very name of your late Soueraigne, approued by the generall applause and acclamation of all good people: by which act, your Lordship hath proceeded to the highest degree of good opinion, and by giuing Honour to her that best deserued it, deseruedly made your selfe much honoured.

And therefore (my good Lord) haue I ventured on your Lordships gratious acceptance, humbly requesting your Honor, that my particular (howsoeuer vnworthy, to trauaile in so honorable an Argument) may (notwithstanding) haue gratious acceptation, being presented in the name of Queene Elizabeth, *to whose honorable remembraunce your Lordeship is so much deuoted, and to whose name I haue principally dedicated this seruice: beseech-*

ing Almightie God to deriue vppon your Name and Houſe, a perpetuall Succeſsion of Honour and good Fortune.

Your Honours

in all duetie and

humble ſeruice.

Chriſtopher Leuer.

To the Reader.

THe name of Queene *Elizabeth* is ſufficient Argument to perſwade a friendly acceptation; and from the better diſpoſed (whome I couet principally to pleaſe) I ſhall doubtleſſe receiue that reaſonable and honeſt conſtruction. As for thoſe who haue their tongues dipt in the poyſon of Enuie, I write not to pleaſe them, who wil neuer be pleaſd with that which is moſt deſeruing; It being the nature of Enuie, to deprauе that, which dooth deſerue the higheſt fauour of loue and good opinion. I may example this in the wrong offered to the name of Queene *Elizabeth*, who (though ſhee were the moſt admired of her time) hauing extraordinary induments, and a gouernment, much more in the degrees of honour and proſperitie, than any her Predeceſſours; yet want there not malitious and baſe deprauers, who (like dogges that barke againſt the Sunne) couet to bite her honourable name, whome God hath made more glorious than the Sunne, giuing her a place of glorie, in fellowſhip with his holy Angelles and Saints. For this double reſpect haue I therefore taken theſe paines: Firſt to pleaſe the well affected; in honouring her whome all that haue honeſty will honour: Next, in giuing Enuie and her ſonnes a morſell to bite vpon; wiſhing that all the deprauers of her princely name, may either reduce themſelues to ſome degree of honeſtie, or elſe periſh with their enuious and euill breath. Accept then (I pray thee) theſe my voluntarie trauells; and honour her remembraunce, whome all the beſt in the world do honour with admiration, which thou alſo wilt doe, if thou beeſt either honeſt, or truely Engliſh.

¶ Ad fœlicem huius Elizabethæ progreſsum.

Liber in lautam liber ibis vrbem:
Liber in latum liber ibis orbem:
Liber in lætas liber ibis vlnas.
vrbis & orbis.

Paruus eſt, hinc non liber, eſt libellus:
Bellus eſt, hinc non liber, eſt libellus:
Duplici prodis titulo Libellus,
belle libelle.

Parue, ſpem magni retinens honoris;
Belle, rem magni retinens decoris,
Vade, par natæ cerebro Mineruæ
nate cerebro.

I. C.

Muſa *crucem cecinit dudum quæ carmine* Chriſti,
Æ LIZ*Æ variasiam canit illa cruces*
Ælizæqúe cruces crucifixi nomine paſſas:
O quam te memorem Virgo, virago, dea,
O nullus laceret liuor LEVERE *labores,*
Pergat at in ſtudijs caſta Minerua *pijs.*

The generous Reader, whoſe free honeſt ſoule,
Did loue the honor'd ſubiect of thy Booke,
Will for her ſake (whoſe loue liues in the roule
Of dateleſſe Memorie) lend a friendly looke.
As others Gardens haue beſtowed floures,
To decke her Garlands, and to ſtrew her herſe;
So thy graue Muſe doth tell her grieued houres,
And ſings her ſorrowes in a ſollemne verſe:
That though deuouring Time did to bereaue her,
Of Palme and Pittie with her foes conſpire;
Yet thy loue *Leuer* lets not Honor leaue her,
But by the heate of kinde Poetike fire
Reuiu'd, giu'ſt virtue her deſerued hire.

R. K.

My loue to the Argument, and the Author.

THe times are now maleuolent to Verſe,
(To verſe that trauells in graue Argument,)
Yet thy graue Muſe adornes the ſable Herſe
Of her, whoſe glories were moſt eminent.
In this thy Art hath well deſeru'd of Fame,
That thou Elizaes *glories doſt commend,*
And that in Verſe ſhe hath a liuing name,
And that her Teares (in verſe) by thee are pen'd.
O the depraued pleaſures of vilde men,
That haue no pleaſure in this moouing Arte!
And O thoſe ſpirits, whoſe licentious Pen
Haue made theſe trauells of ſo ſmall deſert!
When men were better, then the times were ſo,
And Verſe had then their high deſeruing praiſe:
Now Time is old, he doth in weakeneſſe goe.
All things (in worth) doe alter as their Daies.
Let not the faults of men and euill Time
Diſ-heart thy ſpirite from Poetike fire:
Thy Verſe is free from all diſhoneſt Rhyme,
And from the tract of Cupids *idle fire.*
This is thy glorie, that thy Muſe doth ſing
The holie ſecrets of the holie Croſſe;
And of this Saint, and of her ſuffering,
In which expence of time there is no loſſe.
Then ſith that thus thy trauells do indeuour,
I doe not ſee but Leuer *may liue euer.*

ROBERT ROSSE.

Queene Elizabeths Teares:

Or,

Her reſolute bearing the Chriſtian Croſſe.

IThat haue reacht my meditation hie,
And verſd the holy ſuffrings of my Lord,
Still doe I mooue in that emperiall Skie,
Where Saints and holy Angels do afford
Subiect that may diuineſt wit accord:
I glory then, that to my Verſe is giuen,
This care to fet their holy cauſe from heauen.

Among the number of thoſe holy Saints;
A happy Lady, where all happies are,
Whoſe name Report in euery place acquaints,
Who like the beauty of the faireſt Starre,
In beauteous name exceedes all other farre:
And but we doe except the Virgin-mother,
We reach her praiſe as high as any other.

Thus I conceiue her Image in my thought;
Clad in the Virgin ornament of white,
Within that white her innocence was wrought,
Vnſpotted with the touch of vaine delight,
Her habite is all day, and nothing night:
And in that white (as my remembrance ſaith)
Was writ this motte, *Defendor of the Faith.*

Her preſence could expreſſe what ſhe had beene,
Humble, yet full of princely maieſtie;
A conſtant Martire, yet a royall Queene;
Before her ſtate went much aduerſitie,
In all proportions Iudgement might deſcry
What holy motions mooued in her hart,
For holy ſignes of prayer did mooue each part.

Vpon her head a Coronet of golde,
To intimate her eminence of place;
But in her royall preſence I beholde,
The Image both of Maieſtie and Grace,
The heart of State was grauen in her face:
Let him in iudgement be reputed blinde,
That in the face ſees nothing of the minde.

Within one hand ſhe held an armed blade,
(Whereon was writ her many victories;)
The other with much reuerence ſhe laide,
Vpon the Booke of heauenly myſteries;
As if that God in wiſedome did deuiſe,
To giue this Ladie that victorious Sword,
To garde the paſſage of his holy word.

Before her feete a Globe of earth was caſt,
Scepters, and Crownes, and markes of high eſtate;
Yea Kings themſelues and Potentates were plac't,
In humble ranke before this Magiſtrate;
Their fortunes on her victories did waite:
For when that ſhe would fauour or caſt downe,
The bad had warre, the better had the Crowne.

Theſe Trophies doe erect eternall name,
That euer liues in honour of this Queene;
That giue occaſion vnto buſie Fame,
To make report what her deſerts haue beene:
My ſelfe that haue theſe admirations ſeene;
In humble verſe her ſuffrings doe relate,
That dare not meddle with her time of State.

This cogitation of this Princely one,
Is often entertained in my minde;
Waking,or not, I oft reuiſe thereon,
And often in my thoughts this Queene I finde,
And oft her glad remembrance hath inclinde
To heart my verſe,that writ the holie Paſſion,
Of her religious Teares to make relation.

O thou that doſt inſpire with holie flame,
The mooving ſpirits of deepe Poeſie;
Giue me to adde ſome honour to her name,
That wants her due of holy memorie:
For Time will rot our beſt mortallitie.
And ſith that ſhe all vertuous ones did cheriſh,
It pittie were her vertuous name ſhould periſh.

O let my verſe mooue indignation,
And ſtirre the blood of better abled wit:
Enuie, or ſhame of this relation,
May hap beget the meanes to better it:
How ere my ſhame, it doth my liking fit,
By anie meanes to adde vnto her praiſe,
Our loue is in our heart, not in our phraſe.

¶ When holy *Edwards* Spirit did expire,
Borne on the wings of Angells into bliſſe;
The earth grew cold and wanted holy fire,
When this diuine defendor parted is,
Blacke Night did then ſucceed this Day of his:
For then the glory of the day is done,
When interpoſed earth bedims the Sunne.

O the exceeding wiſedome in the heauen,
Whoſe prouidence protecteth euery care:
To ſeely men the licence is not giuen,
To ſee forbidden ſecrets what they are;
In vaine vpon the face of heauen men ſtare,
To know the hidden cauſe of that effect,
Which in Gods ſecret will is hidden kept.

Tell me, thou wiſeſt in iuditious Arte,
(Or if thou canſt not tell, I ſilence thee)
Why God remou'd this holy King apart,
And left his Church to open tyrannie:
You reade not in the Starres this ſecrecie:
He that all futures can diſcerne afarre,
Within his breaſt theſe ſecrets hidden are.

Now Time had ſet this glorious Sonne of grace,
To darkeneſſe he his Empire did reſigne;
Darkeneſſe that long had ouerſpread the face
Of holy truth and vertuous diſcipline;
No light apparant where no light may ſhine:
And but the fires of Martires that gaue light,
All had beene blacke, and in eternall night.

You

You that haue nothing holy but your name,
That did incence this *Marie* vnto blood;
Be it to you your euerlasting shame,
So to corrupt her nature that was good;
O had she had the spirite to withstoode
You that did hearten her to her disgrace,
She had deseru'd preheminence of place.

To saue a world of sinners you pretend,
But you intend another by pretence:
Religious duties often you commend,
Yet interdict you our obedience,
You bid speake truth, but in a double sence:
How can your teaching many spirits saue,
When words and works such contradictions haue?

These Instigators fill her hands with blood,
(In all respects saue this a vertuous Queene)
What they made vitious would haue prooued good,
Had not their powrefull prouocations beene,
Vpon her name this blood had not bin seene:
And men of holy place be sure of this,
Where you touch blood, the marke apparant is.

This Ladie (in the number of the rest)
Indur'd the storme of persecution:
Highest in griefe, and in her name the best,
And with the best maintain'd her resolution,
She (like the Lamb prepar'd for execution)
Doth still exspect by loosing of her breath,
To giue her holy cause a holy death.

And reaſon had ſhe of this iuſt ſuſpect,
(So ſtrange was alteration in the State)
Within her Siſters face ſhe found neglect;
And friends doe euer faile th'vnfortunate,
The preſent ſtate men onelie eſtimate:
For as the wind tranſports the flying Aire,
So, as times alter, men ſtil fliers are.

Her houſe in *Edwards* time a little Court,
Full of the fawning ſeruice of the knee:
But *Marie* now cuttes off this full reſort,
And men fall backe in their Apoſtaſie;
The Cuckooes ſing not where colde winters be:
And Time this Lady of her port bereaues,
As winter froſts nip off the falling leaues.

Theſe were the firſt beginnings of her care,
Which (like the heads of little riſing ſprings)
Runne to a larger bigneſſe than they were:
So Time that fauours not this Ladie, brings
Still freſh ſupplie vnto her ſufferings;
Like flouds that with their ſwelling tides are fed,
Till falling Seas doe make their waters ebbe.

Here might ſhe ſpend her holie meditation,
(As ſure ſhe did much holier than I write)
She alters not with Fortunes alteration:
Reſolue had made her ſufferings her delight,
Her holie cauſe did giue her holie might:
To beare the indignation of their ſpleene,
That made her Siſter her offended Queene.

¶O thou eternall Spirite (thus ſhe ſaies)
Without whoſe pleaſure nothing hath euent:
Before we be, thou numbreſt all our daies,
And preordaineſt euerie accident;
To thee all things that be, themſelues preſent.
And I, that for thy holie Name muſt die,
Imbrace the cauſe, and thanke thy Maieſtie.

What ere I ſuffer is in thy decree,
Which limits all the purpoſes of men:
My ſelfe, my cauſe I conſecrate to thee,
Let them cut off vncertaine life, yet then
Ile breathe it in thy ſacred hands; and when
My Siſter *Marie* offers vp my blood,
Ile offer vp my heart to make it good.

My Sauiour Ieſus ſuffered more than I,
And for my ſake, that Lord he ſuffered.
The righteous One did for the ſinnefull die,
And gaue his life for ours that periſhed.
Thy ſeruant is by thy example led,
To die for Truth, ſith Truth did die for me,
For thus to die, is lifes eternitie.

What is my life the world ſhould enuie ſo?
(Alas) a little puffe of breathing aire;
Death hath ten thouſand meanes to let it goe,
And flie this wearie bodie of my care,
Vncertaine I to looſe it when, or where.
Ther's ſomewhat elſe than breath they care for than,
For breath is common vnto euery man.

It is for Conſcience and Religions cauſe,
That I indure this burthen of their hate;
How ere guiltleſſe, yet the wreſted Lawes
Muſt correſpond in iudgement with the State,
For that is lawe our Gouernours relate:
And though by Law my innocence be proou'd,
The Caſe wil alter, if the Prince be moou'd.

Be it that Gods preuenting eie ſhould ſleepe,
And that their purpoſe haue deſired end:
That Soule they take from me they cannot keepe,
Which to a mighty Lord I recommend;
His right he can againſt all clames defend:
How fruitles is the harueſt which they make,
That cannot keepe the treaſure which they take?

Men are iniurious that report of Death,
To be the higheſt of extremities;
Whenas we die, what looſe we elſe but breath?
And many numbers of our miſeries,
When this life ſetts, a better doth ariſe:
And when to Death a holy cauſe is giuen,
Death is the Gate by which we enter heauen.

Within our life theſe ſorrowes we containe,
Vncertaine daies, yet full of certaine griefe,
In number few, but infinite in paine:
O're chargde with wants, but naked of reliefe,
In ruling it our euill partes are chiefe:
And though our time be not cut ſhort by Death,
Old age will creepe to ſtop vncertaine breath.

Yet

Yet to the much affliction of the minde,
This of the body is a ſcant compare;
Wherein ſo many, and ſo much I find,
As would aſtonne my ſpirits to declare;
Triall can onely tell vs what they are:
For we whom Cuſtom hath with griefe acquainted,
By vs her ſad proportion beſt is painted.

The Griefe of mind is that inteſtine warre,
That ſtirres ſedition in the ſtate of man;
Where, when our Paſſions once commaunders are,
Our peacefull dayes are deſperate, for than
The ſtirre's more hote, than when it firſt began;
For heady Paſſion's like an vntam'd beaſt,
That riots moſt, when we deſire it leaſt.

This violence exceedes his vertuous meane,
Like ſwelling tides that ouerrunne their ſhore,
Leauing the lawfull current of their ſtreame,
And breake their bankes that bounded them before:
Yet griefe in his great, violence is more:
For if that Reaſon bound not Griefe with Lawes,
In our deſtruction Griefe will be the cauſe.

Griefe ſhould be borne with much indifference,
Not much regarded, yet regardleſſe neuer;
Not much affected, yet we muſt haue ſenſe,
To feele our griefe and apprehend it euer;
Yet let the grieued euer thus indeuer;
To make his burthen eaſefull as hee may,
And ſo his griefe with eaſe is borne away.

So much of Griefe we onely doe ſuſtaine,
As in our choice our ſelues do apprehend:
Griefe may preſent it ſelfe, but not conſtraine
That we imbrace what it doth recommend.
Beare it but lightly then; for to that end
Is Patience giuen, by whoſe reſolued might,
The heavieſt loade of Griefe is made but light.

This is the moſt of happineſſe we haue,
That with our Patience we ſupport our cares.
Not we our ſelues, but God this vertue gaue,
Which our vnworthie life right well declares;
To looſe my life, is for to looſe my cares.
Then what is Death that I ſhould feare to die?
Death is the death of all my miſerie.

What then is that which doth beget deſire
In humane fleſh to linger out long dayes?
Is it becauſe to Honor men aſpire,
Or, for their name in Beautie hath a praiſe?
Or, is't their greedy Auarice them ſtaies?
Honour, Beautie, nor deſire of Golde,
Cannot the certaine of their death withhold.

Honour is nothing but a very name,
Often conferd to men of little merite;
In euery place, as common as is Fame,
Commonly giuen to euery common ſpirite;
So little worth as anie one may weare it.
Then why ſhould that be thought of eſtimation,
That giues to baſe deſeruings high creation?

The name and place of honour may be giuen,
As pleaſe the Prince in fauour to diſpoſe;
But true deriued Honor is from heauen,
And often liues in meane eſtate with thoſe,
That to the courts of Princes neuer goes.
How vainly prowd are ſuch as would get Fame,
Yet get no more of Honor but the name.

Be it, thy Honour as the glorious Sunne,
Exceede the rate of common exſpectation;
Thy Prince diſpleaſed once, thy honor's done:
In riſing to this pitch men vſe gradation,
But at one fall they looſe all eſtimation:
For he whoſe powre is euer abſolute,
His angry breath can puffe thy glorie out.

Where is the honour of great *Macedon*,
That meaſur'd out large Empires with his Sword?
Great *Iulius* is with many *Cæſars* gone,
Leauing no more of Honour than the word,
And but the pennes of Schollers that recotd;
Old Time would bring their Honor to that ſhame,
As *Cæſar* and the reſt would haue no name.

Who is't that now to *Cæſar* bends the knee,
Or frames the ſweete of wordes to pleaſe his eare?
Who is't that now regardeth his Decree,
Or his offended countenaunce doth feare?
Cæſar in's Graue, his Honour is no where.
If Honour thus doe periſh in the beſt,
What may be then exſpected in the reſt?

He that from enuious eie, and full reſort,
Liues priuate, with a little ſtate content;
Little deſires the honour of the Court,
Where emulation ſtirres a diſcontent.
Men ſhoote at him that is moſt eminent:
And whom the prince with hieſt grace doth crown,
Enuy brings many hands to pull him downe.

See here the glorie of mortallitie,
Which we with infinite of care purſue,
Painefull to get, but loſt at libertie;
Fatall to many, fortunate to few,
Whereto ſo many miſeries inſue,
As filles our time with cares; then why ſhould I
For this reſpect of honour feare to die?

Is Beauty then of that high conſequence,
Wherein I may diſſwaſiue reaſon finde?
Is that faire ſhadow of that excellence,
That for the face I ſhould exchange the minde?
Beauty that blindeth many, cannot blinde
My Reaſon ſo; for Beautie's but a floure,
Which being pluckt it fadeth in an houre.

What though the world with admirations eie,
Gaze at the wondrous pleaſure in the face;
Wherein the greateſt vſe great induſtrie,
Watching each little fauour to imbrace,
And prowd themſelues to be in Beauties grace:
Yet when the beſt of Beauty men haue got,
(If not olde Age) the Graue will make it rot.

Where

Where are thoſe Beauties which the world admirde,
That with attraction ſlau'd the hearts of men?
Within their graues theſe Ladies are retirde,
And all their beautie is decay'd with them;
What is't in Beautie we ſhould value then?
For thoſe that were of moſt admired face,
Are now confined to a rotten place.

Beautie is like a Comet in the Aire,
Which being lighted by the burning Sunne,
Seemes to the ſtrange beholder wondrous faire;
But when the matter of the light is done,
The fire goes out: In like compariſon,
Let Beautie like the faireſt ſtarre be bright,
Beauty will ſet, and be as blacke as night.

It well befits the ſpirit of great blood,
To loue that leaſt which is of common vſe;
Then why ſhould Beauty be eſteemed good,
Which many commons commonly abuſe?
For where in wiſedome Nature doth refuſe
To giue to many beautie of the face,
A little Arte will couer that diſgrace.

Looke, as the Earth bedeckt with beauteous flowres,
(The pretty children of the earth and ſpring)
Warm'd with the Sun, and fed with heauenly ſhowres,
Haue but a little time of tarrying:
So, when the winter of our age ſhall bring
Our fading time, our Beauty like the floure,
Cannot this winter of our age indure.

This nothing of deſert cannot perſwade,
That I ſhould feare this Image of my death;
The beauty of the minde will neuer fade,
Which I muſt value deerer than my breath:
Who would aduenture heauen for little earth?
The beauteous name of Truth for which I die,
Exceedes the beautie of the faireſt eie.

If theſe reſpects haue not the powre to moue,
That haue beene powrefull in great Potentates;
For many great ones haue deſired Loue,
And for their Loue haue waſted great Eſtates,
And for their Loue haue oft prou'd deſperates.
But for the baſe deſire *of hauing much*,
Neuer was any of the Princely ſuch.

He that of wealth deſireth any more,
Than may ſuffice an honeſt compotence;
Fills to a veſſell that is full before,
Which ouerrunnes with prodigall expence,
What Care put in with greedy diligence.
Exceeding wealthy the contented are,
That with their little haue but little care.

Among great euills Auarice is chiefe,
Attended on by many miſeries,
Whoſe like is well reſembled in the Thiefe,
Who thriueth moſt by many robberies:
So he that would by greedie Mammon riſe,
Muſt like a Thiefe by ſome deuiſe or other,
Make himſelfe rich by taking from another.

And

And hence it is, that men in euery trade,
Haue ſecret Art to raiſe a wealthy ſtate;
Whereby their baſe beginnings oft are made,
To large poſſeſſions wondrous fortunate:
Yet righteous God that doth iniuſtice hate,
Oft giues to wealth thus gotten ſuch an Heire,
Or freely ſpends what Auarice did ſpare.

Deſire of much doth oft beget deſire,
To rob the Orphane, and the widdow mother;
Makes, that in bloud we many times conſpire,
Againſt the very boſomes of our brother;
The couetous doe feedeone of another:
For when mens hearts on this Deſire are ſet,
They care not what the meanes be, ſo they get.

And therefore is't that Law hath many Caſes,
And euery Caſe wtapt vp in double ſenſe;
And euery ſenſe ſo trauelld in Law places,
As the Profeſſour for his diligence,
Muſt weare the Caſe that is in difference.
Deſire of wealth is then an euill cauſe,
That thus corrupts the Tenor of good lawes.

What ſhould I number vp theſe euills more,
Whoſe repetition grieues my better mind:
Cræſus is gone with all his heaped ſtore,
Leauing no more than euill name behinde;
Who can one penny of his treaſure finde?
Then Honour, Beauty, and Deſire of gaine,
Are pleaſures that but little time remaine.

God

God is my honour, God's the beauteous face,
Which I with greedie appetite beholde;
He is my treasure that I would embrace,
He is my honour, beautie, and my gold:
To purchase him, all others I haue solde.
Sith I am Gods, and God is mine, then I
Make it my (all) for this my God to die.

Thus did this Ladie with herselfe dispute,
And to her selfe she framde such argument,
As in her purpose made her resolute,
To beare what ere those euill times present.
Griefe is not felt by one so patient:
For what though men lay all their euills on vs,
A little Patience beares their euills from vs.

(Good Ladie) she had onelie this one care,
(So holy *Mary* had but onelie one)
How she for happie death might best prepare,
For this she spends her cogitation,
Her houres in prayer, her time in meditation:
When Death comes thus to our prepared daies,
We honour God, and get eternall praise.

Such was the Saint, the Sinner was not so;
Such was the Lambe, the Butcher different,
Such was the Larke, the Bussard thats below,
Mounts to a pitch to sease the innocent;
The good, the bad, the base, the eminent:
So opposite, as she in euills least,
Suffers the prowd controlement of a Priest.

Steuen

(*Steuen*,) it was thy contriuement, and thy care;
To perſecute the cauſe for which *Steuen* bled.
Betwixt two *Steuens* what differences are;
Yet both of you with bloud were ſprinckled,
Thou martiredſt many, he was martired.
How ill it fittes thee to be called *Steuen*,
Thy nature is from hell, thy name from heauen.

Thou hadſt the name and place of *Gardner*,
To dreſſe the Vintage thou commaundeſt o're;
But by thy hand, the hedges broken were,
Which holy Church had fenced in before;
And thou thy ſelfe (prowd *Gardner*) like a Bore,
Rootſt vp the floure, and fruitfull bearing tree,
That in Gods holy Gardens faireſt be.

The reuerend name of *Biſhop* that was giuen,
Ill ſorted with thy ſtrong deſire of blood;
Thoſe hie deſeruings were not found in *Steuen*,
That correſpond the name of Fatherhood;
Where all is euill, there is nothing good:
And ſo thy names and nature diſagree,
As oppoſites in their extreamitie.

Biſhops (if they would correſpond their name)
Muſt be compoſde of merciſull reſpect;
For God is ſuch whence their creation came,
Who hath from many numbers them ſelect,
To patterne holy life to Gods elect:
And ſith to Princes God hath giuen the Sword,
Let them be princely onely in Gods word.

What is't they be inuested in their white,
And weare the holy Orders of their place?
If vnto foule offence they haue delight;
That will their whited veſtiments diſgrace,
Pride, and Ambition in a Prelats face,
Are vglie formes; nor is their Prieſthoode good,
That waſh their hands in holy Martires blood.

If any thinke I ſpeake with enuious breath,
And wrong the iuſt deſeruings of this man,
He is deceiu'd, it is *Elizabeth*,
Whoſe tribulation ſhe indured than,
Stirres vp more angrie bloud than Enuie can:
(And if the trueth in Stories be recorded,)
He was the worſt of men thoſe times affoorded.

Witnes this Ladie of deſerued praiſe,
Witnes the much affliction ſhe indur'd,
Witnes the number of her grieued daies,
Witnes the priſons where ſhe was immur'd,
Witnes himſelfe theſe euills that procur'd,
Witnes the Saints that periſht in that fire,
Which *Steuen* (like bellowes) kindl'd with deſire.

When ſhe (good Ladie) is in holie praire,
Or in the heauen of holy meditation;
This Macheuillian doth his plottes prepare,
How to incence the Queene with indignation,
And to that end he makes a large relation:
Which though the truth be not in Stories read,
This for a truth may be imagined.

My

(My Soueraigne, thus his enuy can begin)
I that haue place in your affaires of State,
And deteſtation of heretique ſin,
Am therefore bolde for to expoſtulate,
And giue aduiſe vnto your high eſtate,
In matter of moſt weighty conſequence,
Faithfull aduiſe is our beſt diligence.

Elizabeth (O may I not offend)
Your Siſter (gratious Soueraigne) is not true
Vnto your State, nor to your life a friend;
She is the head of that rebellious crue,
That mooues ſedition in the reſidue.
When Faction gets a head that's neere the Crowne,
Wiſedome would beat the head of Faction downe.

Our Siſter (ſaith the much offended Queene)
(Biſhop) be well aduiſed what you ſaie;
We to our Siſter haue right gratious beene,
How is't that ſhe in loue ſhould fall away?
We cannot thinke our Siſter will betray.
The Prieſt replide, If ſo your Grace will heare,
Ile giue you inſtance, both of when and where.

When *Wyat* with the mutinous in *Kent*,
Moou'd a commotion in your quiet State,
So dangerous that *Wyat* did preſent
His rebell troopes before your princely Gate;
Whome, though the heauens were pleaſde to ruinate,
Yet let it be within your princely care,
To know the cauſe from whence theſe rebells were.

Wyat (alas) a priuate Gentleman,
Whoſe reputation neuer reacht ſo hie,
As to be mark'd in State; could *Wyat* than
With his weake credite raiſe a Companie,
So warrelike as to match your Maieſtie?
(Madame be ſure) a greater was the head,
Although the body *Wyat* gouerned.

In great attempts it's weighty pollicie,
That whome the practiſe doth moſt neere reſpect,
With falſe appearance they diſſembled be,
That if their bad deſignes haue bad effect,
They may auoyde the danger of ſuſpect;
But if the practiſe haue deſired end,
The Plotters then the practiſe will commend.

Your Siſter learned in this ſuttle Arte,
(Be pleaſd to pardon plaineneſſe in my ſpeach)
Would not the ſecret of the Plot impart,
Saue vnto *Wyat*, whom her Art could teach,
To ſilence how Ambition made her reach:
And though the Traitor to his death denie it,
The truth of circumſtance will verifie it.

What other cauſe, ſaue *Luthers* diſcipline,
Begat this ciuill diſcord in your State?
Nor can your kingdomes holy Church reſigne;
Whilſt that your princely ſelfe is Magiſtrate.
Then ſure theſe rebells ſhe did animate,
Your ſacred life (by treaſon) to depriue,
That ſhe and *Luther* might the better thriue.

Who

Who is't but you that weares the princely Crowne,
With which Ambition would adorne hir head?
She cannot riſe before your Grace be downe,
Nor can ſhe rule before your ſtate be dead:
This tricke of State would be conſidered.
The Queene replide, (And ſaiſt thou ſo good Prieſt)
Who then deſireth all, ſhe ſhall haue leaſt.

The times that followed were good teſtament,
How much the Prelate did the Queene incence;
For preſently Commiſſioners were ſent
To *Aſhbridge* houſe, to fet the Lady thence,
With ſtrict command, to haſte their diligence:
So forcible was his perſwaſiue tongue,
To make one Siſter doe another wrong.

Theſe Miniſters (in ſilence be their name)
Poſted their iourney with a greedie haſte;
For Euill is like double-winged Fame,
That looſeth breath by flying ouer faſt;
They runne the beſt to euill that runne laſt.
And theſe that now (to pleaſe Queene *Marie*) flie,
Will runne for *Elzabeth*, if *Marie* die.

A maiden that attended on her Grace,
By them demaunded how the Princeſſe did;
A reuerend feare brought paleneſſe to her face,
And in her heart ſhe was aſtoniſhed,
And with a fearefull voice deliuered
This anſwere; Lords, my Ladie is not well,
Pleaſe it your Lo: your occaſions tell?

They anſwer, No, and with a ſterne aſpect,
Threaten the fearefull ſpirit of the Maide;
Whoſe ſpirits from her outward parts were crept,
To cheere her heart, with terrour much afraide:
And ſtill, when ſhe could get a word, ſhe ſaide:
My Miſtris (Lords.) Hir words then ſtopt with fears,
The reſt that wanted were ſupplide with teares.

Goe tell thy Miſtris (thus they make reply)
That we are ſent to bring her to the Court;
Our haſte is great, ſtay not to aske vs why,
Our eſtimation it doth much import,
That dead or liuing ſhe with vs reſort.
The maide whoſe heart their very words did breake,
Would haue replide, but that ſhe could not ſpeake.

But in ſhe runnes with ſuch amazed haſte,
As thoſe that are tranſported with their griefe;
Cloſe by the Princeſſe bed herſelfe ſhe plac'd,
Shiuering ſhe ſtoode, as doth the Aſpine leafe;
And oft ſhe would begin, and oft her griefe
Drawes backe hir words, that in hir troubled breaſt,
Heaue vp her bodie with their much vnreſt.

The Princeſſe when ſhe ſees her ſo diſmaide,
Raiſeth her ſickly bodie in her bed;
And feareleſſe ſhe demaunds her fearefull Maide,
How ſhe with griefe became ſo altered;
Its eaſe (ſhe ſaith) to haue it vttered:
(If for my ſake) I pre thee ſhed no teare,
We that are princely minded cannot feare.

As

(As griefe would giue her leaue) the maiden ſaide,
Madame, your Grace is ſent for to the Queene.
(The Ladie then) Why art thou ſo afraid?
Would God this let of ſickenes had not beene:
I haue not of long time my Siſter ſeene.
And though for much affliction I be ſent,
My God hath taught me to be patient.

Returne againe vnto the Lords, and ſay,
My ſickenes is at this time violent;
Pleaſe it them reſt their trauells heere to day,
To morrow they their meſſage may preſent;
We to our Prince muſt be obedient.
Pray them to giue deferment to my ſorrow,
What they giue not to night, thei'l giue to morrow.

The Maide, whoſe ductie was obedience,
Haſtes to acquaint them with her Ladies pleaſure:
But rudely they with much vnreuerence,
Whoſe pride would not attend the Princeſſe leaſure,
Ruſh (vndefir'd) where lay this heauenly treaſure.
Which their preſumption ſo offends her Grace,
As ſhe confronts them with an angrie face.

(Sirs) you'are not aduiſed what you do,
(Thus their abuſe ſtirres vp her princely fire,)
That your audacious footings enter ſo
Into our priuate, where we doe retire;
Is it Ambition makes you thus aſpire?
You ill remember what your ducties beene,
Nor that my ſelfe is Siſter to your Queene.

Is my great Fathers name with you forgot?
Or the remembraunce of my princely Brother?
There is no graue can make their names to rot,
That in their kingly ſtate exceede all other.
I haue not giuen my birth vnto another;
I tell you true, how e'r we greeued be,
We can not tho forget our dignitie.

Thus ſhe had ſaid, and then ſhe made a pauſe,
And then begins in milder phraſe againe;
Say on (ſhe ſaith) what is your earneſt cauſe?
Came you from Court, how doth my Soueraigne?
Then ſhe commaunds a ſeruant to ſuſtaine,
Her much infeebled bodie in her bed,
Whilſt their Commiſſion they haue vttred.

They all make anſwer with a prowd neglect;
(Madame) the Queene hath ſent vs for your Grace,
Of our Commiſſion this is the effect:
Then preſently you muſt forſake this place,
And goe with vs. Within the Princeſſe face,
One might perceiue, their words thus vttred,
To giue her ſickely pale, an angry red.

(Thus ſhe) Vnto my ſoueraigne Ladie Queene
I yeelde my ſelfe in all obedience;
My God he knowes that I haue faithful beene,
And he in heauen records my innocence;
I haue not learn'd to hide with faire pretence:
For whatſoe'r my Soueraigne ſhall preſent,
Euen vnto death I am obedient.

Surely

Surely, this addes vnto my ſickenes, paine,
That preſently I cannot make repaire
Vnto the preſence of my Soueraigne;
So violent my fittes of ſickenes are:
Yet that I may expreſſe my duteous care,
I will contend with Death, and this diſeaſe
Ere I offend: ſo much I loue to pleaſe.

This onely fauour (it's a little one)
That for a day or two I may repoſe.
This ſure exceedes not your Commiſſion,
We'l iourney hard to get the time we loſe.
(I tell you Sirs,) my heart before me goes.
Will you to me this fauour then deriue?
They rudely anſwer in the negatiue.

Th'allowance of our time is not ſo large,
Nor we ſo bold to diſobey the Queene;
We muſt be ſtrict to execute the charge,
That to vs ſtrictly hath committed beene:
For to our care this hard commaund is giuen,
That if pale Death ſhould beare your ſoule away,
To bring the bodie where the ſpirit lay.

Muſt you haue one? Then take them both (ſhe ſaies)
Am I (alas) ſo great in my offence?
(If needes you muſt) what is't we vſe delaies?
Would God your haſte with one day might diſpence.
They anſwer, No. Then beare my body hence;
It is in vaine I thus expend my breath,
Mercy liues not in Meſſengers of death.

Yet this aboue all other griefe is higheſt,
That ſo my ſoueraigne Siſter is offended;
Neereſt in blood, and to my loue the nigheſt,
To whoſe protection I am left commended:
How is't this loue of Siſters ſhould be ended?
Sure I ſuſpect you doe my Siſter wrong,
She cannot be ſo cruell as your tongue.

How ere it be, my comfort is in heauen,
That makes me powrefull to ſupport my griefe;
God that is iuſt, to my iuſt cauſe hath giuen
Patience, by which the wronged haue reliefe:
Among the patient I my ſelfe am chiefe.
(I tell you true) it is of much import,
That God will help my ſorrowes to ſupport.

Thus ſhe had ſaide, and then ſhe bids, Prepare
To ſatisfie th'important Meſſengers:
Who on the morrow all prepared were,
And all ſet forward with their buſie cares,
Their haſte their euill diligence declares:
For all their haſte was but to haſte her death,
Whom God would giue a manie yeeres of breath.

To tell her weary iourney to the Court,
Her ſickneſſe, and their much diſcourteſie;
The few of friends that to her Grace reſort,
The many griefes, and much aduerſitie,
That had bedim'd her late proſperitie:
To tell you all I ſhould but tell too much,
Such was this Ladie, and their vſage ſuch.

Being

Being arriu'd at Court, her entertaine
Sorted the reſt of her affliction:
She in a priuate chamber did remaine,
Barr'd from the free acceſſe of any one;
And (but for God and Angels) ſhe alone.
(Good Lady) in her priuate ſpent her prayre,
Whilſt *Stenen* and others in contriuing were.

Vnto this Saint the Queene a diuel ſent,
Who (with ſome others of the Counſel) came,
With ſuttle ſpeach to ſift and circumuent
Her innocence. Be it eternall ſhame
To brand with blacke the record of thy name:
For as the hownds purſue the flying chace,
Thy dogged thoughts, (O *Stenen*) purſue her Grace.

Thus he begins to open his vile breath.
(Madame) we come authoriz'd from the Queene;
That Queene whome you had deſtinate for Death,
Had not the powre of Gods reſiſtance beene;
But he that hath your ſecret practiſe ſeene,
Layes open all your treaſon in the light,
Which you haue long concealed from our ſight.

(Madam) Nay ſtay, (the grieued Princeſſe ſaies)
We haue enough to make a large reply;
You do not well report vs in your phraſe,
And for the name of Treaſon I defie,
O that in you ſhould be ſuch iniurie;
It ill befits your reuerend place (my Lord)
To brand our honour with ſo foule a word.

But for my ſoueraigne Siſter you preſent,
I in my ſilence will my ſelfe containe;
Onely let this be thought indifferent,
That from the word of Treaſon you refraine.
(I tell you true) I muſt that word diſdaine.
Then ſay the reſt (my Lords) how vntrue ſoe'r,
I will inforce my patience for to heare.

This iuſt reproofe incenc'd the Prelate more,
Kindl'd the fire of Enuy in his fleſh:
And made him much more bitter than before,
Breathing foorth words of much vnworthineſſe,
Which for they would but grieue me to expreſſe,
I ſilence them, and tell you of the reſt;
The leaſt of euills, is of euills beſt.

(Thus he) How e'r you ſmoothe with faire pretence,
And hide your guilt with reſolute deniall;
The eie of Iudgement can diſcerne offence;
Nor want we powre to bring you to a triall,
We haue Intelligence for our eſpiall:
And when you thought all was in priuate kept,
The eie of State did wake, you thought t'had ſlept.

Courtney, and you did not conſpire in one?
(You thinke we know not that you did conſpire)
To ſtirre the people to rebellion,
Whereby you might vnto the Crowne aſpire;
And to that end breath'd your ambitious fire
In *Wyats* breaſt, that he by his attempt,
Might make a way for your new gouernement.

Which

Which if you ſhould aſpire (which God forbid)
How would theſe kingdomes ruine in your riſe?
Religion would in baniſhment be hid,
And *Luther* then muſt be in exerciſe.
Do not you thus within your heart deuiſe?
I know you do; for how ſhould you be other,
Being deriued from ſo bad a mother?

(Madam) you haue too much your Fathers blood,
And much too much his blinde opinion.
Thinke you your Father did his kingdomes good,
To ſet himſelfe in oppoſition,
Againſt the Church, and true religion?
(Though Gyantlike) he fought with little oddes,
To raiſe ſeditious warre againſt the gods.

Such as was he, ſuch your deceiued brother;
Treading the path his father went before.
And you (if that you might) would be another,
To make the holy Church to ſuffer more.
But God, whoſe hand hath cur'd what they made ſore,
Hath giuen Religion and the State a friend,
Whoſe hopes cutte off the euilles you intend.

Religious *Marie*, whoſe obedience
Vnto the holy Seate of *Peters* chaire,
Receiues from heauen ſuch large beneuolence,
As if Religion and the Kingdomes were
By prouidence committed to her care:
It is in vaine you then with her contend,
Whome God and holy Angels will defend.

(Biſhop) I record heauen you doe me wrong,
(The Princeſſe ſaide) I haue no ſuch intent;
My heart hath not reſemblance with your tongue,
Nor do I hate my Siſters gouerment:
My God he knowes that I am innocent.
If for my Conſcience thus you do enuie,
I for my Conſcience am content to die.

She would haue ſaid much more, but that the Lords,
(To haſte the execution of their care)
Doe interrupt the paſſage of her words,
Adding more griefe to them that grieued were,
Telling her Grace, ſhe muſt her ſelfe prepare;
For that the Queene gaue ſtrict commandement, that
Shee to the Towre. The Towre (alas) for what?

(So ſhe made haſtie anſwer, and then wept;
And then begins in grieued words againe.)
What neede a woman in the Towre be kept?
I in a leſſer priſon may remaine:
Alas my Siſter, and my Soueraigne.
How ſhould theſe wrongs of me be vnderſtood,
That thus receiue them from my neereſt blood?

Recall your euill words, and ſay not ſo,
Do not a ſeely woman ſo confound:
Vnto the Towre not but offenders goe;
If then offence within my life be found,
Then (like a Traytor) let me enter bound:
If not, intreate my Siſter that I die,
Rather than Traitor-like in priſon lie.

The Lords made anſwer, that it could not be,
So much the Queene was mooued to offence,
As ſhe would not reuerſe that her decree,
Nor durſt they ſtand with her in difference:
And then they counſaile her to patience;
And to the mercy of the Queene ſubmit,
Who (for ſubmiſſion) would moſt fauour it.

Thus they had ſaid; and then they left the place,
And in the place left many cares behind:
All which (like Robbers) did aſſaile her Grace,
And breake the treaſure of her quiet minde;
So much of griefe in one I cannot find:
And (ſure) if God ſhould not ſupply to ſuch,
No woman in the world could beare ſo much.

(Although I would) I cannot make report,
How much this Ladie is in her diſtreſſe;
Nor how by prayer ſhe maketh her reſort,
Vnto the preſence of Gods holineſſe:
Neither can I in liuely formes expreſſe,
How God takes vp her holy praire to heauen,
And all the griefe that to her Grace was giuen.

Nor can I tell you all their buſie care,
That had begirt her lodging round about:
How manie numbers in their Armors were,
Nor how in manhood they were reſolute:
What watch and warde, what running in and out:
Nor how in warlike ſort they doe prepare,
Againſt a Ladie that intends but praire.

The

The night thus ſpent, the next ſucceeding day,
Brought to this Ladie new ſupply of wrong;
The Queene hath ſent to bid her haſte away,
Her ſtay made people in great numbers throng
Vnto the Court. The Towre (ſhe ſaith) is ſtrong:
And though the people in her fauour riſe,
Yet being there, ſhe can vs not ſurpriſe.

The Meſſengers that brought this hard command,
Saide that a Barge did for her Grace attend;
And that, nor Time, nor Tide would euer ſtand,
And therefore did deſire ſhe would not ſpend
The Time that made the Tide to be their friend.
The Princeſſe (with a grieued ſmile) replide,
I am not friended with your forward Tide.

Will you but length my time alittle more,
And ſtay the fortunes of another Tide:
God may in little Time my ſelfe reſtore,
And fauour whome the Times indignifide;
Will you my Lords? The Lords then thus replide:
Madame, we are but ſeruants to the State,
Seruants muſt euer on their Maiſters wait.

Is there no mercie? Then be ſtrong my heart,
To beare the ſorrowes of a wearie breath;
I haue a God, that will from heauen impart
Patience, that makes vs ioyous in our death;
My God, be ſuch to thy *Elizabeth*.
Sith that the Queene all mercie doth denie,
I to the King of heauen for mercie flie.

Yet

Yet will I with my duteous care attempt,
To purchaſe fauour from my Siſters eie;
For by my Letters to my Soueraigne ſent,
Her gratious acceptation I ſhal trie:
(Saue but the Lord of *Suſſex*) all denie,
To beare the written meſſage ſhe would ſend,
So much they feare the Biſhop to offend.

This noble Lord (the heauens record his name,)
Kneeld with an humble reuerence to her Grace;
Swearing, he would his honour firſt diſclame,
And loſe the reputation of great place,
Ere he would ſo denie her princely Grace.
If ſo (he ſaith) your princely griefe be writ,
Ile pawne my honour to deliuer it.

(See here the diffrence in the mighty ones,
The Chancelor *Steuen*, whoſe place was eminent,
Had not as *Suſſex* had, theſe motions:
For why, his birth from baſeneſſe had diſcent:
But *Suſſex* is in honour different.
For when that honour is deriu'd in blood,
That honour makes the honourable good.)

The Ladie glad ſhe had a meanes to ſend,
Raiſeth him from the ſeruice of his knee;
And ſhe in teares his honour did commend,
That hath reſpect to her extremitie.
And then ſhe craues alittle libertie,
That to hir Soueraigne Siſter ſhe may write.
Griefe hath a tongue, but cannot well indite.

My Soueraigne and my Sister (thus she saith)
I haue no griefe but that your Grace is grieu'd,
And that you haue suspition of my faith,
And that I am not of your Grace beleeu'd,
(Alas) who hath my treasure thus bereeu'd;
Please it your Grace my innocence to trie,
If I be guiltie, let the guiltie die.

This letter did this faithfull Lord present
Vnto the Queene: but yet with such successe,
As still she is to her malcuolent.
Stenen had resolu'd her in her bloodinesse,
She therefore blames the Earles forwardnesse,
That he would thus expend his industrie,
In fauour of her greatest enemie.

Away (shee saith) conuey her to the Towre,
Is our commaund so little of respect?
We will not you deferre it off an houre,
You do dis-honour vs in your neglect:
We tell you *Sussex*, she had neede be kept,
And kept secure, whose pride makes her aspire
To reach her state aboue our selfe much higher.

The Earle thus ill fortun'd in his hope,
Would not reply vnto the Queenes offence,
Lest he against himselfe might her prouoke,
But backe returnes with his lost diligence,
And telles the Princesse how he did commence
Her humble sute, and of the Queenes reply,
That did all fauour to her Grace denie.

Alas

(Alas ſhe ſaies) why do I then contend,
To help the euill fortunes I indure?
It muſt be death muſt giue my ſorrowes end,
In death I ſhall my quiet beſt aſſure.
Death can more happines than I procure.
Then to the Towre, ſith mercy you deny,
It's better once than euer for to die.

And on the morrow to the Towre ſhe went,
Guarded with bands of manie armed men.
The time was in the holy time of Lent,
And on the day of holy Sabbaoth, when
Religious dueties were performing, then
Did *Steuen* (almoſt agreeing in the day)
Moſt *Iudas* like this holy one betray.

What ſhould I tell you of the much reſort,
Of running vulgars that vpon her gaze?
Or of the ſtrange conſtructions of the Court,
Nor how the newes the better ſort amaze,
Nor what the murmure of the people ſaies:
But for to tell the ſorrowes in her breaſt,
To tell you that is more than all the reſt.

What is't her Grace with griefe ſhould teare her mind?
Or that the giddie people for her pray:
Except in God ſhe can no comfort finde.
What, is't the Tide inforce her for to ſtay?
Hulling vpon the riuer where ſhe lay:
For when the Tide a little time had ſpent,
The Tide then ſeru'd for her impriſonment.

Being arriued at the place of woe,
They offer to the ſtaires where Traitors land;
Her Grace deſir'd ſhe might not enter ſo,
Praying the Lords that they would ſo command.
Some doe accord, but others do withſtand:
And there (as often when it goes by voyce)
The worſe (and not the better) had the choice.

Then with a grieued (yet a princely) grace,
She ſteppes vpon that ill arriuing ſhore:
And here (ſhe ſaith) now enters in this place,
As true a ſubiect to my Gouernour,
As ere this heauy paſſage went before.
And you my Lords, beare witnes what I ſay,
A loyall heart may enter in this way.

In theſe our preſent fortunes you may reade,
The fickle change of all mortallitie;
You know (my Lords) how princely we are bred,
And now you ſee our great extreamitie;
(Alas) in vs there is no certaintie;
For though we be the neereſt to the Crowne,
A little tricke of Fortune pulles vs downe.

When this was ſaide, ſhe thence was led away,
Into the circuite of the inner Court;
The way ſhe went was marſhal'd in array,
A many country ſwaines in warrelike ſort.
Theſe warriors that ſawe her princely port,
Such reuerence in the ſeely men appeares,
Their hands haue wepons, but their eies haue teares.

Terrour

Terrour in euery place preſents her eie,
And that ſo much as might exanimate,
A heart of well reſolued valiancie;
Much more a Ladie ſo vnfortunate,
To looſe the pleaſures of ſo high eſtate:
For (ſure) then Griefe is many doubles more,
That comes to one that knew it not before.

To ſee the men of warre to be her garde,
The diſmall place ſhe was to enter in;
The heaps of Ammunition in the yarde,
The noyſe of fetter'd priſoners from within,
To ſee theſe markes of warre and priſoning,
Were much vnfitting obiects for the ſight,
Ladies (not loue) but feare to be in the fight.

The numbers of her griefe do ſo oppreſſe,
The much infeebled bodie of her Grace,
As ſhe ſits downe with her much wearineſſe,
And on a ſtone ſhe makes her reſting place;
Who (though the clowds did fall vpon her face)
Lifts vp her hands vnto the weeping skie,
That onely mournes for her extremitie.

(And thus ſhe ſaid) O thou eternall eie,
That ſees the very ſecrets of my hart:
I doe report me to thy Maieſtie,
That I am not ſo foule in my deſert,
Thou art my comfort, and my Iudge thou art.
Sith heere on earth no iuſtice will be giuen,
I for my iuſtice will reſort to heauen.

This humble place (my Lords) you enuie not,
Enuy ſhootes not at any one ſo lowe:
The winde beates moſt vpon the Cedar top,
And neuer mooues the vndergrowth below;
They ſtand the ſafeſt that the loweſt grow.
And if you ſtill your enuious thoughts will haue,
Ere long Ile beare your enuie to my graue.

A Gentleman that on her Grace attended,
(So deepely did her ſorrowes apprehend)
As prodigall his teares he then expended;
Which when the grieued Ladie did intend,
She friendly thus his ſorrowes reprehend;
Commaund thy eies (I pre thee) to forbeare,
Our griefe wil not be medcin'd with a teare.

See'ſt thou (and then ſhe poynted vnto heauen)
In yonder ſpatious Court we haue a friend;
He hath our weakeneſſe his ſupportment giuen,
To him my ſelfe in prayer I recommend;
Vpon his becke the Angells do attend.
And when religious griefe bedims our eie,
The Angells come to wipe and make them drie.

The Conſtable deſires ſhe would make haſte
Vnto her lodging, for the day grew olde;
And ſaith her Grace is there but meanely plac'd,
And that he feares the ſtone may giue her colde,
And many another circumſtance he tolde.
(Her Grace ſtoode vp and ſaide) We do not feare,
Sith we muſt die, it is no matter where.

Then

Then was ſhe led into a priuate roome,
Farre from the neighborhood of any one;
Whereto the Sunne (till now) did neuer come,
The lights that were, were little, almoſt none,
A place moſt fit for tribulation:
The doores and windowes all were made ſo faſt,
As if that world ſhould for euer laſt.

It is not poſsible I ſhould relate,
How ſhe the powre of ſorrow could appeaſe,
Nor how with patience ſhe could moderate,
The griefe that on her ſpirits made a ſeaſe,
She calmes the raging of her troubled ſeas:
For when the ſtorme of ſorrow doth ariſe,
She ſtilles it with her heauenly exerciſe.

Often her Princely ſpirit would refraine,
And checke her griefe, and beare her teares away;
Yet would her teares returne to her againe,
And Griefe would pull her on her knees to pray,
Much like a ſhowre vpon a ſunnie day:
For though her face be ouerwaſht with teares,
The bright of her great Maieſtie appeares.

As thus her Griefe vnreſted had her Grace,
To euery place ſhe caſts her ſearching eie,
Fearing ſome hidden danger in the place:
Where in the hangings wrought, ſhe did eſpie,
How *Daniell* in the Lyons Denne did lie,
Which counterfet of griefe ſhe ſtands to ſee;
Griefe is beſt pleaſd with like ſocietie.

The

The worke did well expreſſe the workemans Arte;
For that which ſhould haue life did ſeeme to haue it:
He could no more then ſeeming life imparte,
And that was done ſo well as Arte could haue it,
So exquiſite the luſtre that he gaue it.
The Artiſt had ſo much of Arte in giuing,
As ſhe did feare the Lions had beene liuing.

In midſt of them ſate *Daniel* at his praire,
His eies, his heart, and hands he lifts to heauen:
His armed garde, the kingly Lyons were,
And vnto him were many Angells giuen:
Some do reſtraine the Lions that are keene,
Others vpon his breath attending are,
To carry vp the meſſage of his praire.

Nor in this holy ſtorie was forgot,
How *Abacue* was carried from his men:
Nor how the Angell ſet him on the top,
Nor how he call'd to *Daniel* in the Den:
But (ſure) ſome wit was in the workeman, when
He makes the Angell beare him by the haire;
Yet makes his head be bald, and almoſt bare.

The Princeſſe on this obiect ſpends her ſight,
And freely ſpends it with intentiue eie:
The grieued doe in grieued things delight,
And this well ſorts with her extremitie.
Heere is (ſhe ſaith) a friendly company,
We are not then alone, why grieue we thus?
For *Daniel* and the Lyons be with vs.

As

As I, ſo *Daniel* was of noble blood,
Both I, and *Daniel* haue like holy cauſe;
As I my ſelfe, ſo *Daniel* hath withſtood
To yeelde obedience vnto wicked Lawes;
Daniel and I are enuied both, becauſe
We giue that honour to the King of heauen,
Which others vnto Images haue giuen.

God ſends his Angells to this holy man,
And bindes the force of Lions for his ſake;
If God reſtraine, what enuie is there than,
That can from any any little take?
The eie of prouidence doth euer wake.
Then ſith that we ſo like to *Daniel* are,
God will as well for vs as *Daniel* care.

I am (alas) into this priſon caſt,
And (God he knowes) without deſeruing cauſe;
And I among ſuch Lions now am plac'd,
As watch to ſeaze my body in their pawes;
Lorde binde the powre of their deuouring iawes.
And though among theſe Lions be a Prieſt,
Yet being bloudie, he is a bloodie beaſt.

This apprehenſion of anothers griefe,
Doth ſomewhat eaſe the furie of her owne;
And ſhe from *Daniel* can receiue reliefe,
Becauſe to him ſuch fauour God had ſhowne:
She knowes that God hath all her ſorrowes knowne.
And He that could the furious Lions tame,
Will fauour her that ſuffers for his name.

Thus (and much better than I can report)
Was this good Ladie in her griefe affected;
But much vnequall was the care at Court,
Where *Steuen* and others other cares respected;
With them there was no tricke of wit neglected:
They vex themselues with ouer studious care,
To malice her, so much they enuious were.

With their prepared subtilties they came,
Vnto the Towre, to sift her innocence;
And then the Bishop did the Princesse blame,
And imputates hir other mens offence;
Saying she caused disobedience:
And those that were rebellious in the State,
Were onely such as she did animate.

Then he a number of their names recited,
Their seuerall plottes and euery circumstance;
And how her Grace was thought with them vnited,
And that from hir the warre had maintenance:
He left not aught vnsaide that might aduance
His euill drift, which for they were so many,
And euill ones, I will not write of any.

The Princesse to his many words replide.
(Alas) what is't you would afflict vs more?
Are not our griefes enough yet multiplide?
That still you wrong whom you haue wrong'd before,
I haue enough of griefe, what neede I more?
And for my answer to your euill tongue,
I doe protest (my Lord) you doe me wrong.

I neuer had that high aſpiring minde,
To pull my Siſter from her royall throne;
In my religion I could neuer finde,
Licence or Warrant for rebellion.
Rome neuer gaue me diſpenſation:
Nor euer learn'd I in my tuterings,
To merite heauen by murthering of Kings.

This ſharpe reply the Biſhop ſo offended,
As he reanſwers in a bitter phraſe:
(Madam,) againſt the Church you haue contended,
And ſtill contend (the angry Prelate ſaies)
This diſobedience is your great diſpraiſe:
If you betray the Church which is your mother,
How can you then be true to any other?

How is't your Grace ſhould thus contend with heauen,
With God, with Angells, and with holy Saints;
How is't that thus to *Luther* you haue giuen
Your ſoule, which he with blackeneſſe all depaints,
Who is't this hereſie with you acquaints?
(Alas good Ladie) *Luther* doth not well,
To drawe your Grace and many moe to hell.

O giue me leaue alittle to aduiſe,
(I doe not know how fortunate I may,)
To leaue the danger of your hereſies;
Let *Luther* beare them with himſelfe away;
Sith you are loſt I will direct your way.
And will you follow but as I direct,
You ſhall arriue the place of Gods elect.

What is the new religion you profeſſe?
(Religion ſaide I, O it is not ſo)
An oppoſite to antient holineſſe;
A way that leades to damned ones below:
Wherein your wiſe forefathers would not goe:
And thoſe that loue this new begotten lore,
Do damne their fathers that haue liu'd before.

Rome is not ſo as your new diſcipline,
Antient in time, and happy in ſucceſſe;
Being aſſiſted with a powre diuine,
That giues to it ſucceſſiue holineſſe.
Ladie (would God) you had the happineſſe,
With holy teares to waſh away your ſin,
Rome hath the keyes to open and let in.

The Princeſſe made the Biſhop this reply.
I am not cunning for to make diſpute,
I thanke your ſelfe, but not your Sophiſtrie,
In my religion I am reſolute;
Yet heere is one your learning can confute:
(And then ſhe points whereas her Bible lay,)
Here's one (ſhe ſaith) will teach me what to ſay.

This telles me, that Ambition in a Prieſt,
Is that which God with deteſtation hateth;
That God will giue the couetous the leaſt,
And makes, that he vpon the humble waiteth,
That with aſpiring pride himſelfe inſtateth.
And ſith that *Rome* in pride exceedeth all,
Aſſure your ſelfe, that *Rome*, and Pride will fall.

Chriſt

Chriſt vnto *Caeſar* (not a Chriſtian King,)
Exemplifies a ductifull reſpect;
But bloodie *Rome* would to confuſion bring,
All Empire and command, her ſelfe except;
Her greatneſſe is with bloodie practiſe kept;
Vnlike to *Peter* his ſucceſſors are,
That haue with chriſtian blood diſtain'd his Chaire.

And much ſhe would haue ſaid, but that the Lords
Did interrupt the office of her tongue;
They ſay ſhe is too bitter in her words,
And therein to her ſelfe ſhe offers wrong.
Steuen ſaith ſhe is in euill ouer ſtrong.
With this their enuions ſpeach they went their way,
And ſhe (as was her cuſtome) went to pray.

It farre exceedes the powre of any tongue,
To tell you all the ſorrowes of this place.
How both her ſeruants, and her ſelfe they wrong,
With what neglect and ſcorne they vſe her Grace,
What bloodie men about her they did place.
Their names I ſilence, for it is not good,
To brand the children with the fathers blood.

Nor how ſhe was remooued from the Towre,
The country being armed to conuey her
To *Woodſtocke* houſe, where ſhe exſpects each howre,
The bloodie hand of treaſon to betray her:
So many griefes, ſo many feares diſmay her,
As would with griefe my ſpirits ouercharge,
To enter in a ſea of griefe ſo large.

What ſhould I ſpeake of *Perrie* who was ſent,
To ſhort her life with his baſe treacherous hand;
Or yet of him, who with the like intent,
Came to ſurpriſe her with an armed band;
Or how with fire ſhe did in danger ſtand.
There are both theſe, and many moe behinde,
Whoſe repetition would but grieue my minde.

Yet can it not in my remembrance die,
How Spaniſh *Philip* did this Ladie friend;
That he could pittie her extreamitie,
That he his louing fauour did extend,
That he would priſe, that he her gifts commend:
By this we ſee their malice was but vaine,
Mercie will come, although it come from *Spaine.*

So well the Kings perſwaſion could preuaile,
As that the Queene did for her Siſter ſend;
The meſſage did with feare her heart aſſaile,
And ſure ſhe thinkes ſome euill they intend;
How ere it be (ſhe ſaith) I recommend
Into thy hands, (O ſacred Lord of heauen)
My ſelfe, and all that to my ſelfe is giuen.

And thus prepar'd, ſhe iournies to the Court,
Where in her chamber priſon-like retirde,
She liues ſhut vp from any ones reſort.
The Biſhop that this Ladies bloud deſirde,
To quench his heart with burning enuy firde;
Comes to her furniſht with his ſtudious care,
Hoping with craft the Princeſſe to inſnare.

Gardner

Gardner, it is in vaine thou her assaile,
Whome God protects with his almightie hand;
Canst thou against the liuing God preuaile?
Or canst thou his all-able powre withstand?
Or canst thou God and holy heauen command?
(Bishop be sure) they are deceiued farre
That thinke (with God) to make preuailing warre.

Therefore thy euill had but bad euent,
How ere made strong with thy contriuing wit,
Because thy euill to the good was meant,
And God would not be pleasd to fauour it;
Though earth and hell in busie counsell sit,
God countermaunds what ere they deuise,
And makes them foolish, that are iudged wise.

And *Winchester*, we instance this in thee,
Whose houres in studious care were euer spent,
To bring this Ladie her extreamitie:
Yet for that God did see thy hearts intent,
He blunts thy edge (O bloudie instrument;)
And (belows-like) he make thy enuious breath,
To make hir liue, thou woldst haue blowne to death.

Thus God can mocke the subtilties of men,
Letting them runne the passage they propose;
Seeming regardlesse, yet regardfull then,
His eie their hidden secrets can disclose;
For Prouidence in euery passage goes:
That howsoere mens pollicies doe plot,
They haue had issue if God fauour not.

So

So God was pleasd with prouidence and care,
This vertuous holy Lady to defend.
To binde their force, and breake their hidden snare,
That euill men for euill did intend.
And now the Queene doth for her Sister send;
Where when she was presented on her knee,
She thus protesteth her integrity.

(Dread Soueraigne) I your seruant here present
My selfe as true vnto your life and state,
As is the spirite of an innocent;
And so let God my griefe extenuate,
As I doe wish you to be fortunate:
And let the heauens their benefits denie
To all that enuy at your Maiestie.

The Queene with angry maiestie then saith,
You stand too much vpon your innocence,
Too confident in your suspected faith,
It would be better to cast off pretence,
And plainely to acknowledge your offence.
(The Princesse saide) The guiltie should confesse,
And so would I, if I had guiltinesse.

But God that sees the very secret thought,
Knowes in my heart there is no guiltines;
That there was neuer any treason wrought,
Or any thought of such vnworthines.
If then I should against my selfe confesse;
I bring my selfe an euerlasting shame,
To brand the reputation of my name.

O let it pleaſe your Princely maieſtie,
That I your ſeruant may receiue this grace;
That Law it ſelfe my innocence may trie,
That Law may be impartiall in this caſe:
And if that Law doe quit me of diſgrace,
Then let your ſeruant haue a gratious eie;
If not, let Lawe and Iuſtice make me die.

If you be then ſo righteous (ſaith the Queene)
Belike you'l ſay, that we vnrighteous are;
And that your troubles haue vnrighteousbeene,
And ſo the guilt on vs you doe transferre,
And make them righteous that vnrighteous are:
And ſo to make your owne purgation,
You lay on vs the imputation.

The Ladie then: let not my Soueraigne
Haue that conſtruction of my duteous heart;
Long may your reputation God maintaine,
And much may he inlarge your high deſart:
And (if I may my ſecret heart impart)
(I do proteſt) it doth my ſpirit good,
To ſee ſuch honour in my neereſt blood.

And for the ſorrowes that I doe indure,
I know the cauſe is not your owne deſire;
But that ſome other did the hurt procure,
And ſtirr'd your anger with their enuious fire;
Againſt your Grace and me, they doe conſpire,
That would the neereneſſe of our loue diuide,
Whome God and Nature haue ſo neerely tide.

Nature (euen in the Queene) was powrefull ſtrong,
And makes her ſpirit haue a feeling ſenſe;
And now ſhe thinkes her Siſter hath had wrong,
And in her heart ſhe blames their diligence,
That cauſleſſe thus did cauſe this great offence:
(And to her ſelfe ſhe ſaith) I doe offend,
Are we not Siſters? why ſhould we contend?

Yet would ſhe not expreſſe her inward heart,
Nor then giue demonſtration of her loue;
Nor did ſhe then to any one impart,
What ſhe in her intention did approue:
But (ſure) ſhe had a purpoſe to remoue
The fire of indignation from her breaſt,
Which *Steuen* had kindl'd with ſo much vnreſt.

The ſequele did approue the good intent;
For now the beames of mercie doe appeare,
The Queene doth free her long impriſonment,
Remoues her Gailer whome ſhe moſt did feare,
And now ſhe giues her licence to repaire
Vnto her home; where when ſhe did arriue,
A peacefull quiet doth her griefe depriue.

Now I haue runne the paſſage I intended,
(I do not know how fortunate I runne;)
My verſe is done now that her griefe is ended.
And ſhe at reſt, my buſie care is done;
The cloudes do vaniſh that bedimm'd this Sunne.
And God that in her ſorrowes did protect her,
Now in her riſe he labours to erect her.

Gardner

Gardner (the worſt of all her enemies)
The heauens cut ſhort his ill-attempting breath,
And made him periſh with his ſubtilties:
Bur when that Time had giu'n Queene *Mary* death,
The heauens then ſmiled on *Elizabeth*.
And now thoſe great ones that enui'd hir Grace,
Haue left to her the greatneſſe of their place.

Where (like the Sunne) ſhe was moſt glorious bright,
Caſting her beames of mercie euery where;
And euery where ſhe giues a glorious light;
All other lights to her but little were;
So matchleſſe was ſhe, and ſo wondrous rare,
As for to verſe her glories I refuſe,
Leauing that Labour for a better Muſe.

I neuer toucht *Parnaſſus* with my ſight;
Nor did the Muſes euer teach me rhyme,
Only in humble verſe I take delight:
Nor doe I loue the higher ſtraines to clime;
This plaineneſſe makes me t'vnfit the time:
But if that Arte vnto my verſe were giuen,
She then ſhould liue in verſe, that liue's in heauen.

FINIS.